

Mississippi Democrat.

THREE DOLLARS

"THAT GOVERNMENT IS BEST WHICH GOVERNS LEAST."

[IN ADVANCE.]

Volume I.

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Address

Delivered before the Masonic Fraternity, and citizens generally, at Greensboro', N.C., on the 27th day of December, 1844,
BY GEO. HUIE, ESQ.

(CORRESPONDENCE.)

GREENSBORO', Dec. 28, 1844.
Sir—The undersigned, committee appointed by Greensboro' Lodge No. 46, respectfully request that you will furnish them a copy of the eloquent and appropriate address delivered by you, on yesterday, for publication.

Truly yours, &c.,
A. P. HARRIS, } Committee.
R. A. PEEBLES, }
GEO. HUIE, Esq.

GREENSBORO', Jan. 4, 1845.
Gentlemen—In compliance with your request of 28th ultimo, I herewith present you with a copy of the address delivered by me on the 27th ult. The remarks made by me on that day were prepared under very unfavorable circumstances, and without any view to publication. I submit a copy thereof, with some reluctance, fully conscious that there are numerous errors therein, and must crave the charitable indulgence of those who may see proper to give the same a reading.

Very respectfully, your obt'st,
GEO. HUIE.
Messrs. Andrew P. Harris, A. Peebles, R. B. Gore—committee.

ADDRESS.

Fellow-Citizens, and Brethren of the Mystic Tie: This day we hail as consecrated in free and exempted masonry!—This day we greet with joyous welcome, as hallowed in the history of our order!

The propriety of perpetuating the memory of striking occurrences, and distinguished, virtuous, and illustrious men, by anniversary celebrations, may be clearly inferred from the customs of every nation in every age of the world. In the earlier periods of human associations, other means were used for this noble, generous, and beneficent object. A pyramid of stone, or an ill-shapen tomb, with traditional narratives handed down from generation to generation with hereditary piety, served to teach the wild barbarian the gratitude due to the hero of his band, or law-giver of his tribe, whose name and deeds the ever rolling current of years would otherwise have consigned to the grave of oblivion. The Romans preserved their consecrated temples, lasting mementos of the founders of their empire, and the more enlightened Greeks, availing themselves of the art of sculpture, immortalized in marble, the philosophers, the sages, and the heroes of their nation. Thus did the earlier benefactors of mankind continue to live for centuries beyond the ordinary period allotted to man, and continued to make salutary impressions upon subsequent ages. Modern anniversaries, dedicated to the memory of those whose philanthropy, patriotism, or virtue has formed eras in the chronicles of our race, contemplate the same end, and subserve, in a higher degree, the same purpose. For these reasons, as often as the wheels of time roll round the nativity of St. John the Divine, we, as free and accepted masons, are required to disconnect our feelings and reflections from the dull, the exciting, and perplexing cares which ever ambush the pathway of life, and to concentrate our thoughts and affections upon those elevated qualities which distinguished this devout Christian and ancient patron of our order, St. John the Evangelist, as an active, firm, and consistent adherent to all the great tenets of masonry, and our masonic injunctions requires us to esteem him not only as a devoted and constant supporter and patron of our institution, but likewise as an inspired servant of the most high God. By this custom, consecrated by time, approved by reason, and sanctioned by the

purest breathings of the human heart, we fondly hope to superinduce in our transactions with the world, a close approach to those distinguishing traits which signalized the character of our illustrious patron; in whose life and conduct, the pristine beauties of brotherly love, relief, and truth, were displayed without a single intervening cloud to shadow their effulgence from the delighted view of an admiring world. It must be obvious to the most inattentive observer that there is material distinction between this and almost every other public celebration known to the present age. We are not assembled to immortalize the distinguished achievements of a conquering general, or to rejoice at the results of a fortunate victory over an opposing enemy; but we are assembled to commemorate the reign of peace and to cherish, cultivate, and improve those retiring virtues of the human heart which always avoid the pomp of public show, and hence, in our exhibitions, there is nothing the most remotely calculated to awaken up the strong emotions of the soul, or to arouse the passions of the heart. The wild and destructive tornado, which levels with the earth whole cities, and submerges beneath the ocean's wave entire navies, strikes upon the mind a horror whose impression nothing can efface, while the common air which keeps the mysterious machine of life in motion, and is every where disseminating health abroad, scarcely excites a thought. The towering mountain, whose lofty brow is wrapped in volcanic flame, and is ever and anon emitting its destructive streams of molten lava, seizes the imagination with an intensity which no object however beautiful, pleasing, and delightful, can divert, while the extending plain beneath, whose fertility fruits and flowers, bring wealth and competence, pleasure and happiness to all around, is viewed without emotion, and passed by without reflection. But in a still more essential point, is this anniversary distinguished from those which are of a political or purely national character. If we assemble to commemorate the achievements of the commander who by prowess, slaughter and conquest, has added to national fame the cannon's roar, the victor's shout, and extended dominions, necessarily and unavoidably associate with them the thoughts of embattled field, contending hosts, and thousands slain. Is the banner of victory unfurled, imagination beholds, in its train, pestilence and famine, the sword and death. Do we gaze with rapture upon the laurel which encircles the conqueror's brow, the ecstasy is repressed when fancy views it crimsoned with the blood of the slain and embracing in its tendrils the cypress that mourns over the devoted destiny of a vanquished, perhaps a noble and generous foe. Even on our own national festival, whose annual return brings to mind our happy and glorious deliverance from the galling oppressions of a foreign yoke, the angry recollections of a cruel, tyrannical and vindictive foe, mingle in our most pious and fervid gratitude to Heaven and colors it with a dark hue of revenge; but far different are the reminiscences which this celebration induce. The emblems which we display, speak alone of the peaceful triumphs of virtue over vice, and indicate a charity as wide in its contemplation and action, as the earth itself. Delineated upon our masonic dress, is the great temple of masonry. Its ample dimensions and imperishable foundations reach from north to south, and sweep from east to west. Its expanded gates are open to receive the just, the pure and upright in heart, of every tongue, kingdom, country and clime, and its arms encircle in their benevolent embrace the whole family of man.

In this meeting upon the day we dedicate to the memory of our Christiana patron, the mind naturally retrospects the past. Time, in his silent but irresistible course, has brought us down his current to the period of another masonic year. Twelve months have now passed away, since the last anniversary consecrated to the memory of St. John the Divine. During that period, how many of our fellow-beings, then in the bloom and vigor of health, have gone to encounter the solemn realities of another state of existence! How many communities are now weeping over the bereavement of beloved and valuable citizens, and yet our little band has been preserved almost entire. The destroying angel, at the fiat of Him in whose hands are the issues of life and death, has passed through our midst, and has left us mourning the loss of but one of our number—I allude to the death of our esteemed brother, the Rev. Josiah Box. Then it behooves us, as masons and as men, to look with devout and grateful feeling to Him who is the great fountain of every good and perfect gift, for the special mercy and protection which he has thus vouchsafed to us, and to invoke the continuance of his special providence for the year upon which we are about entering. When we next assemble in honor of this distinguished evangelist and mason, shall we be all present? The answer to that impor-

tant enquiry is beyond the powers of human penetration—known alone unto God are the times and the seasons appointed unto the sons of men. Then let us endeavor to live as those who are conscious of an impending mortality; and that when these bodies are consigned to their mother dust, our immortal spirits must wing their upward flight to that Omnipotent Power who gave them there, to be judged according to the deeds done in the body. Let us endeavor to live the life of the Christian, that we may die the death of the righteous.

In the few remarks which I contemplate offering for your consideration on this occasion, it is my purpose briefly to notice the rise and progress of free and accepted masonry, so far as my limited sources of information will enable me, together with some of its leading characteristics, and prominent duties which it requires at the hands of its votaries.

We regard it to be no desecration to attribute masonry to the supreme Architect of the Universe, who presides in the grand lodge of eternity, and the sound of whose gavel called a dark and disordered chaos into a prevailing harmony, and at whose mandate there came forth, from the most profound darkness, that bright and effulgent light which displayed to an astonished and admiring world, the grand and beautiful fabrics of His construction.—Behold that royal arch which spans creation, bespangled with millions of twinkling luminaries, and determine who was its architect. Yes, Jehovah is a builder, and the vast universe showeth forth. His handy work. But speculative masonry, as practiced by us, although perhaps existing in an imperfect form anterior, was perfected in the building of King Solomon's Temple, the grandest and the richest, the most stupendous and magnificent edifice, of which the ancient or modern world can boast. In the building of this Temple, besides ten thousand men employed in Lebanon to prepare timbers for the craftsmen's use, there were engaged three grand overseers: Solomon, King of Israel, the principal patron; Hiram, King of Tyre, Solomon's coadjutor; and Hiram Abiff, the grand Junior Warden; and principal artificer, and who, as is known to all master-masons, a widow's son; together with 3,300 Master Masons, 80,000 Fellow Crafts, and 70,000 Entered Apprentices. And this immense number of workmen were engaged for seven years in the completion of the temple. To arrange this immense throng of artificers, coming from different parts of the world, and speaking different languages, into a proper organization, so that concord and harmony might prevail over discord and confusion, King Solomon, in his wisdom, established certain secret signs of recognition, whereby the grand overseers might recognize who were workmen belonging to the temple, and at the same time be able to distinguish the particular sphere or grade in which they were employed. And as the workmen were paid according to the grade in which they were employed, whether as Master Mason, Fellow Crafts, or Entered Apprentices, these secret signs of recognition (whereby one mason knows another in the dark as well as the light,) served a most valuable purpose in enabling the workmen at eventide to manifest themselves to the grand senior warden, who was stationed at the west gate of the temple, and who paid the craft their wages, if any were due. And these are the same secret signs of recognition now used by all regularly made masons. But at length the key-stone is laid, the earthly temple of the living God is finished, and this vast concourse of artificers are about to separate and disperse throughout the earth: but before thus separating, they were assembled upon Mount Moriah, by the summons of King Solomon, all coming duly and truly prepared, worthy and every way well qualified to receive, at his lips, the grand masonic word. The solemn word was thus imparted, and this vast assemblage, then upon the five points of fellowship, breathed into the ear each of the other, the sacred pledge of brotherly love, relief, and truth, whereby, although meeting in distant countries and foreign climes, each might distinguish the other as having been initiated into the secrets of the order, and then separated, each mason's bosom a lodge within itself retaining safely and securely the inviolable mysteries of masonry. And from that period down to the present day, free and accepted masonry has remained one and the same. No human institution can boast of such immutability. More than three thousand years have already rolled down the eventful tide of time, since it commenced its bright career. The destructive whirlwinds of war have whirled in furious blasts over the earth, leaving devastation, ruin and death to mark their dismal course. The monuments of ancient grandeur have crumbled into dust; the sceptre has fallen from the palsied arm of the haughty monarch; kings have tumbled from their proud and lofty thrones; and whole empires have glided away in the solemn and melan-

choly drama of destruction, since the grand edifice of masonry pointed its golden spire towards the clouds, and shed forth its glorious brightness upon the dark and benighted bosom of the earth. That sacred temple, in the building of which it received its finishing touches, and where it was first consecrated by the presence of the Omnipotent God, is now mingled into its native elements; the magnificent structures which displayed the glory and genius of Egypt, have sunk into the dust; a fractured arch, a fallen column, a moss-grown wall, or an abandoned grotto, is all which remains to speak to us of the enlightened and inventive Greek, or the noble and ingenious Roman. Yet, free and accepted masonry is still one and the same. Its illustrious march has been onward. The hand-maid of science, it has continued its course amid the dreary ruin of ages, and has signally triumphed over opposition and persecution, in every age and in every clime. The deep-founded prejudices of bigotry, and the cruel tyranny of ignorance, have fled before it, like the shades of night before the orient orb of day. While the pride, the glory and the grandeur of centuries have been submerged beneath the dark waves of oblivion, masonry has still survived, with increasing strength, and will no doubt continue to live and flourish until time, laden and tottering under the weight of years, shall take his last solemn leap over the frightful precipice of dissolving empires, into the vast ocean of Eternity.

Masonry has never made any noise in the world. It has left its own innocence, and trusted to the purity of its own tenets, to plead its own cause, and like the pure rippling rill, it has wound its way through those dreadful inundations of human passion, which have so often threatened the world with universal inundation, without mingling with their poisonous, dark and murky waters. At no time has it arrogated to itself any supremacy over the religious opinions of men, farther than to require its votary to believe in a Supreme Being. At no time has it sought political domination for itself, and at no time has it asked exclusive immunities for itself as a body of government. Equality is the great republican basis upon which it rests. Around its sacred altar, the king and the subject, the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, the civilized man and the untutored Indian, all meet upon a level; and the only emulation that exists is, who shall best work and best agree. It leaves faction to the artful demagogue, ambition to subtle tyrants, and all the baser passions, which have filled the world with woe and misery, to their blinded followers, and seeks alone the universal amelioration of mankind.

But, it may be asked, what are the objects of masonry? We answer, the good of mankind. The principles which it inculcates, and the duties which it requires at the hands of its votaries, are well calculated to enlarge the sphere of usefulness in life. What religion is to the Christian world, masonry is to the moral, and in its character we behold some of the most redeeming attributes of our fallen nature. Not more solemn, grand and sublime is the blue pavilioned arch which encircles the universe; not more beautiful, fair, and lovely is the rainbow of the east, than the glorious galaxy of benevolence, charity, and brotherly love. Founded upon these noble and imperishable principles, the citadel of masonry can never be moved.—The storms of passion may beat against it, the thunders of tyrannical denunciation may strive to subvert it, but it will stand, firmly fixed in its own native originality, unhurt by the demons of ignorance and darkness.

Masonry requires at the hands of its votary the practice of all the cardinal virtues. It requires him to practice benevolence; not that visionary sensibility which passes off in moans and sighs; not that diseased grief which weeps but never acts; not that stupid sympathy which feels for misfortunes which it never endeavors to alleviate; not that misguided generosity which would rather hazard life to avenge the conjectured insult of a friend, than to step aside to save from hunger and distress the poor and the unfortunate;—but that active benevolence which feels alone to act, and acts alone to relieve real suffering; that benevolence which is never weary in well doing, and is only manifested by its good effects. There is a kind of benevolence displayed in the world which seems ambitious of nothing but notoriety. There is another kind which seems to be wholly blind in the choice of its objects; always prodigal in the use of its means; it generally results in the infliction of more evil than it accomplishes good. But the benevolence which the mason is required to cherish and to exercise, retires from observation, and is manifested only in the blessings which it communicates. The mason is required to provide the means for the exercise of this benevolence; hence he must practice industry and economy, that he may be able to meet its liberal benefactions. Little, indeed, can be expected from him who is indolent, and equally as

little from him who is prodigal. When industry and economy are wanting, the benevolent disposition may exist, but the means will almost invariably be found lacking. There is no benevolence which secures confidence, merits esteem, reflects moral worth, but that which prompts to industry and economy; but that which enters into a man's every feeling, plan and purpose, pervades his whole life, and blends itself with the very conduct of his existence. The man who possesses this kind of benevolence, is an ornament to his species, a redeeming spirit in our fallen, ruined, and degraded race. He is an abiding light in this dark, gloomy prison-house of woe, wretchedness and misery; a fruitful spot of perennial verdure in this world's vast desert; an unfading spring in this dry and parched land, where the weary traveler may ever find refreshment. Like an angel of mercy, he travels from one receptacle of misery and misfortune to another, leaving the penny which he has relieved, the pain which he has assuaged, the consolations which he has imparted, and the hopes which he has inspired, to do him honor, and manifest to the world that he cherishes in his heart the true feelings of charity. Then let the proud victor boast of his conquered realms, the selfish miser of his glittering wealth, the learned orator of his modulations, and the ingenious poet of his civic wreaths; but the mason should strive, above all things else, to possess the benedictions of the widow and the orphan.—The emblems inscribed upon his monument, should be the charities which he has administered, and the last solemn whisper that breathe over his grave, should be an abiding gratitude. His humble abode may never awaken the eloquence of the orator, excite the astonishment and admiration of the selfish and the proud, or gild the historian's page; yet he must bestow them still. His retiring charities may never attract observation, or occasion even a passing remark, yet he must pursue them still. No romantic gratitude may weep over the manifestations of his philanthropy. No ethereal thankfulness may breathe its celestial rhapsodies around the untutored voice from the silent grave may salute him with good cheer, and no spirit from on high may impel him onward;—yet he must be up and about his work, which is to do good to his fellow beings; and for his reward, he must wait patiently until the last sunset of time, when our grand Senior Warden, seated at the west gate of that heavenly temple, will pay to each his wages due.

But masonry requires the practice, not only of benevolence, but it enjoins upon its votary the practice of every other virtue. To be good masons, we must be honest, correct and moral, in all our dealings with mankind, submissive and obedient to the laws of our country, in all their reasonable requirements, and circumspect in the department of all our conduct. But it requires us particularly to be temperate—temperate in all things, but more especially in the use of ardent spirits. It requires this more particularly, from the disastrous ruinous, and destructive consequences which inevitably flow from habitual intemperance. There is no habit within the range of human depravity over which masonry is so often called upon to weep, or by which the dazzling lustre of its bright escutcheon is so often sullied, as the odious practice of intemperate drinking. There is no habit which has made such wide-spread havoc among our fallen race. It bears its annual thousands to an untimely grave, and their impious spirits to an unprepared reckoning with their final judge. And what renders this habit alarming above all others, is the strange and unaccountable insensibility with which it invests its unhappy votary. The unfortunate victim of confirmed intemperance is marred by an insatiable thirst which no reason can assuage, which no admonition can remove. He deliberately prepares himself for the untimely sacrifice, binds himself to the accursed altar, and with his own hand voluntarily applies the cruel instrument of his own dreadful intemperance. Whenever and wherever such are found among us, masonry imperiously requires at our hands the immediate and constant application of all those correctives which its principles and rules provide. We should never cease to whisper good counsel in the ear of our unfortunate brother, and never, while one single hope remains, should we cease in our efforts to search him from the awful vortex into which he is fallen.

But there are many objections urged against masonry. It is said by some, opposed to our order, that although the design of masonry may be commendable, yet the world has never been furnished with any striking evidences of its utility, and hence the institution should be discontinued at the bar of public opinion. This objection is, to some extent, true, for the obvious reason that masonry, in all its beneficent, obeys the injunction of our Father, who taught us that when we do our duty not to fear our right hand, know what our left doeth, and leave the consequences of masonry to be explained to the world by the guide-gate of the world. But go to

the shipwrecked sailor, cast poor and penniless upon the bleak and dreary shores of a stranger land, and ask him what benefits he has derived from the secret signs of our craft as the crucifixion of Arabian has been about to wield the fatal instrument of death! Go to the poor, bereaved widow, whose heart has been cheered, and whose distress has been alleviated by masonic characters, and ask her if she is ready to pass the sentence of condemnation against us; and above all, ask the weeping, helpless orphan child, waiting through its tears, and ready to kiss the hand of its deliverer in gratitude, what it thinks of free, and accepted masonry! O! could the grand convener, could the relics of mauling cottages write, would the faint whisperings of departing life tell their tale, a voice would be uttered whose deep-toned thunder would forever still the covetous tongue of slander and science, the foul detraction which have ever waged such a deadly hostility against our institution.—There are numerous other objections urged against our order but they are all as evanescently the growth of an unfounded prejudice that it is unnecessary to notice them.

Brothers of the Mystic Tie: In conclusion, permit me, as your selected orator, to offer a few remarks specially to you.—We have assembled around the sacred altar of masonry, and there in the presence of Almighty God freely, voluntarily, and of our own accord, taken upon ourselves the discharge of weighty and responsible duties. Then let us be true to ourselves, and we shall be true to the world. Let what is emblematical in the use of that sacred masonic implement, the gavel, be experienced upon every heart. Let his example, whose nativity we this day celebrate, govern our thoughts, feelings and actions. Let his unadorned simplicity and Christian piety, be copied, and find their lively representation in us. Let his unwearied assiduity in the holy vocation where with he was called, arouse us to diligence in every good word and work. Let it excite us to redoubled activity and energy, because the time is short, and the darkness of that long and dreary night comes rapidly on, when the sound of the gavel must cease, the plumb line and the square be laid aside, and these masonic restraints be put off, never more to be resumed.—Then let it be our great object in life to discharge the duties we owe to God, our neighbor, and ourselves. And if we thus act, we have the fullest assurance that when this vast fabric of created matter is dissolved by fervent heat into its native element, and the pale nations of the dead are summoned to the bar of their final judge, we shall be welcomed into that house not made with hands eternal in the heavens, where our masonic habilitments will be the light of Him who siteth upon the throne, and in the sunshine of whose parental smiles we shall bask throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity. And so unite it be.

In urging the South Carolinians to divert a portion of their industry from the cultivation to the manufacture of cotton, a correspondent of the Charleston Courier has the following somewhat startling paragraph:

"Since the discovery that cotton would mature in South Carolina, she has reaped a golden harvest; but it is feared that it has proved a curse rather than a blessing, and we believe that she would, at this day, be in a far better condition, had the discovery never been made. Cotton has been in South Carolina what the maize of Mexico was to Spain. It has produced us such an abundant supply of all the luxuries and elegances of life, with so little exertion on our part, that we have become enervated and unskilled for other and more laborious pursuits, and unprepared to meet the state of things, which, sooner or later, must come about. It is not of place here to predict that the day is not far distant, yet, it is close at hand, when we shall find that we can no longer live by that which has heretofore yielded us not only a plentiful and comfortable living at home, but has furnished the means for carrying thousands and tens of thousands of our citizens abroad to wander their gold in other countries—that we have wasted the fruits of a rich, virgin soil in ease and luxury—that those who have practiced sufficient industry and economy to accumulate capital, have left no saving to be able to populate other States!"

STRAVE NARRATIVE.—We see it stated in the New Orleans Jodelman, that a Mr. Durieux, after a year spent in experiments, has thought his steam condensing apparatus to be great perfection. The effect of his condensing process is, to increase the power of the engine just fifteen pounds on every square inch of the end of the piston. It is supposed that one million of dollars a year would be saved by its application to the boats at present on the western waters.

The French which first took to rise in France has been much reduced lately. The article is going down.